

## **Biography**

### **Tech Sergeant Ronald O. Stewart**

Tech Sergeant Ronald Stewart, who worked at the Hellenikon United States Air Base in Greece, was killed by a remote-control bomb as he walked near his house on March 12, 1991. Known as "Ronnie" in his hometown of High Point, North Carolina, where he was a high school football star, and as "Stew" later in life by his friends and fellow Airmen, Sergeant Stewart had been two weeks away from his scheduled departure from Greece at the time of his death. He was one of five U.S. Mission employees murdered by the November 17 terrorist organization. He left behind a daughter, who wrote the following memorial on the twentieth anniversary of his death.

### **Memorial**

US Air Force TSgt. Ronald O. Stewart was many things to many people. 'Ronnie', as he was known by family and friends back home in High Point, NC, was a high school football star with aspirations of going to college followed by a career in the NFL. Raised by his grandmother, Ronnie was polite, gentle, funny and hard working. His face wore a permanent smile accentuated by his trademark dimples and he was loved and respected in the small town that made him the southern gentleman he grew up to be.

'Stew', as he was known later in life by his friends and fellow Airmen was kind and generous. Whether he was throwing impromptu barbeques for the people in his squadron or volunteering his time at the base recreation center, that contagious smile of his was a staple at Hellenikon AFB that people came to rely on.

TSgt. Stewart was known and loved by many, but I alone had the unique honor of calling this amazing man 'Daddy'. From lazy summers at the lake in North Carolina where he first taught me to swim to our father/daughter dinner dates at the Apollon Palace Hotel, I have so many beautiful memories from my childhood. Unfortunately, memories are all that is left of my time with my daddy. At the age of 36, a year younger than I am now, the most important man in my world was stolen from me. Shortly after midnight on March 13<sup>th</sup>, 1991 a hometown lost its hero; the US Air Force Supply Squadron lost a brother and a little girl on the other side of the world lost her daddy.

I have searched for twenty years trying to understand the why's surrounding my daddy's death. I am slowly coming to terms with the fact that some questions may never be answered. As painful as that realization is to accept, it has taught me a valuable lesson about life. Because I will never be able to forget the cruel and calculating way that my daddy died, I feel it is my responsibility to make sure the rest of the world never forgets the honorable and beautiful life he lived.

Being a member of the United States Air Force was a career choice that my daddy was proud of but it was kindness, pride, and always being the best father that he could be, those are the traits that defined him. The people who had the honor of knowing him will never forget the man he was just as I will never forget the man he will always be. I love you daddy.